

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 18.—VOL. XIX.

From the New-England Republican.

EMILY HAMMOND,

An American Novel.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a mean of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune, and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind, which, even in this life, active Virtue conters on her votaries, we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and Passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following "unvarnished little tale" shall speak Virtue's call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dullness of *canal* or the pursuit of trifles, the reader will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object; *applause* is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect; new connexions are formed, and new interests arise as our years increase; and leave to friendship but an empty name. But to us, these remarks by no means apply. Though engaged in the most active of all employments, while my life presented little more than a scene of peaceful idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing *grey*, while "the joys of the other times" rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband; to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight: and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friend enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which could have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education,

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1807.

956.

and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since. My friend now rests in his kindred earth—his amiable wife tenanteth the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, the child of many prayers, in whom centred all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom a man can feel; this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes—friendless and destitute, and tortured with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristic sketch; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill.—Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone; the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours repose, I was summoned to continue my journey towards Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on the back seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health; but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfeigned protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "All in?" was answered by a hurrer "yes" from the door, and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half-sleep, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried:—"Hush, poor little *outcast*! hush, my poor babe," said she, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world!" She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted: in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man; I can have no interest in deceiving you." "I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible;—"but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, Sir."

"Painful! And you go further still."

"To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?"

She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much—"I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from Heaven, and I have forfeited even that.—For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer: but my babe—Oh, Sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and become the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others, your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your chance on my protection."

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may "point its iron frown" at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults, and soothe the sorrows of a repeat'd fellow mortal; and if that Being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way, may I ever be the victim of my *boor*, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protégé* at one of the inns, and immediately went to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a Quaker, and possessed, in reality, but purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this:—"A wileless old scullion! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shewn him the difference between—". But let's hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him." With the smile of angel benevolence on her face, she replied: "Friend J—, thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart; bring the poor girl to me—I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate!"

I waited not for a repetition of this offer, and in a few minutes the way-worn sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex.—Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow's carriage, and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced:—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education, and an unusual proficiency in classic learning: a graceful form: a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Everard Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our novel-writing ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however; some hiddeon sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(Conclusion in our next.)

## THEATRICAL FRACAS.

"I was quartered," said an Irish captain, "in a country town, and I happened to go to 'Venice Preserved,' with a friend, who was a little hard of hearing, and, of course I was obliged to speak to him pretty loud. Just as I was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in our regiment, a shopkeeper cried—' Silence!' Upon my word, friend," said I, "you give the word of command a little too impertinently." "You must not disturb the company," answered he—"I am afraid," said I, "that we both disturb the company; and so if you please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shopkeeper declined this, and muttered the word *Impertinent*. I was reduced to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in his face. The shopkeeper called on me the next morning; and as this was acting like a gentleman, I thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting myself on a footing with him—we met accordingly.—The shopkeeper fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of my hat; and as I was convinced that on the whole, I had been rather in the wrong, I did not chose to kill the poor fellow, and so I fired my pistol in the air. "Now friend," said I, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig; so, if you are satisfied, our dispute may end here; if you are not, you may take another shot." He declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

—o:—

## A CHINESE CUSTOM.

The next year commences, in China, with the new moon, that happens nearest to the time, when the sun is in the 15th degree of Aquarius, and is an important period; not only on account of a universal festivity, during which no business is transacted; but it is the day previous to which all *payments* must be completed.—In the interval between the solstice and the new year, the creditor is very importunate, and if not satisfied on the last night of the old year, he repairs to the debtor's house, takes his seat, and observes the most profound silence. As soon as midnight is passed, he rises, congratulates the debtor on the new year, and retires. The debtor has then lost his face, and no person will ever trust him afterwards.

## NOTICE!

These are to certify that my wife Elizabeth (formerly the Widow Wild) too wild to be steered by any compass but one of her own making, and as she has the devil for her pilot, she has altered her course and steered away from me, so that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

RICHARD JENKINS.

## WORLDLY CONCERNs.

A man, some time ago was hanged in Ireland upon his own land for a murder he had committed there. A little before he was turned off having taken a view of the surrounding country he eschewed his wife very deliberately, and told her that his pigs were rooting up the potatoes in the next field, and desired her to send somebody to drive them out of it.

*From the Post Folio.*

## SORROW.

While yet a child, in playful mood  
I gathered pebbles in a wood,  
Before my eyes a phantom stood  
That struck me with surprise;  
It seemed a woman, in her air  
Were marks of sadness and despair,  
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,  
And tears had dimmed her eyes;  
Wild was her mein, her head was crowned  
With drooping willows, and around  
Her gloomy brows was bryony bound—

Disordered was her hair.  
The robe was sackcloth that she wore,  
She in her hand a goblet bore,  
With bitter waters flowing over,  
The waters of desolation.  
'Twas Sorrow—on my infant head  
Her leaden hand the Goddess laid,  
'Be thou a child of mine,' she says.  
'Let sorrow cloud thy days.'  
She made me taste the bitter bowl,  
I felt the waters chill my soul;  
'Thee with my votaries enrol,  
Forsake thy childish plays.  
She said—and I forgot my joys,  
I dropped my pebbles and my toys,  
Forsook the gambols of the boys,  
Nor joined their petty strife.  
And still with my increasing years,  
Increased my sorrows and my fears,  
And I've bedewed my part with tears  
In every stage of life.

ANSWER.

## WILHELM'S DAUGHTER,

A SALLAD.

(Part the First)

## LOVE.

Sir Lindenbert was wont so much  
Of life and fire to have,  
None at the feast like him was gay,  
None in the field so brave.

Why then all pensive now and sad?  
His very heart is torn;  
With folded arms, and forehead bent,  
He walks the woods forlorn.

No more he seeks the festive dance,  
Or courts the ladies' praise,  
But on old Wilhelm's cottage he  
For many an hour doth gaze.

He shuns the busy haunts of men,  
And seeks the spreading groves;  
His heart is charmed—his reason shocked—  
He Wilhelm's daughter loves.

He methed on the verdant hill,  
And on her fixed his eye;  
She blush'd beneath the ardent gaze,  
Then hastily pass'd by.

He met her in the lowly vale:  
His heart with love did bound,  
He snatched her sun-burnt hand, and cast  
His arm her waist around.

Forth from his grasp her way she broke,  
And 'Hence, Sir Knight!' did cry,  
'Is this a freedom fit for you,  
To one so poor as I?'

The Knight he to his castle went,  
And as he went he sighed—  
'Why is this lovely, lovely girl  
To poverty allied?'

The Knight he to his castle went,  
And to himself sighed he,  
'O wold to Heaven this lovely girl  
Had been of high degree!'

(To be Continued.)

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

It was a neat little house, by the side of the field—a pretty looking woman, dressed by Simplicity, the hand maid of Nature, was laying the table cloth and trimming her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a voice pleasing, though untutored, she sung the following stanzas:

Here beneath my humble cot,  
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell,  
If contented with our lot,  
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Nature's wants are all supplied,  
Food and raiment, house and fire;  
Let others swell the courts of pride,  
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.

My dear Charles, she cried, you are too late to night.

It was near ten o'clock I had taken the advantage of my ring, which had the peculiar quality of rendering me invisible to mortal view, and followed them into the house.

I am weary, Betsy, said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

I am sorry for it, my love—but rest is welcome to the weary, and refreshment sweet when earned by virtuous toil. Let us eat our supper and retire to rest. Recline your head upon my bosom, and tell your cares to rest.

Their frugal meal was bread and butter and salad.

If to be content is to be happy, my dear, said she, how superlatively best am I—I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace—they love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array; I please my Charles in my plain simple attire; I wish to please no other.

Thou dear reward of all my toils, said he, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee? I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented disposition makes wealth unnecessary.

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house.—Charles and Betsy seem perfectly happy with only a bare competence. I ask but a compeence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch. The very exclamation convinces us that a trifle is to equate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the inordinate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser.

## HAPPINESS.

O happiness! where shall I seek thee? in that dark sequestered corner of the universe, hast thou secured thyself? or dwelt thou in the mansion of luxury, amidst the delights which she procures? Ah no. Basselis, surrounded by all the magnificence of the east, acknowledged with the bitterest feelings of discontent, that there thou resides not. He sighed fervently, which alone was denied him in the "happy valley," and eagerly longed to enter that world his warm imagination had planted with roses, without one corroding thorn. Escaped from confinement, he pursued thee with ardor through every grade of humanity; in the splendor of palaces, and in the simplicity of treaded scenes he sought thee; in the abode of science,

and in the habitation of rustic ignorance and apparent content: But, fugitive as thou art, still thou eludes his grasp. Disappointed and dejected he exclaimed, "Surely happiness is somewhere to be found?" The result of his inquiries points him to his own bosom; 'tis there every 'child of mortality' must seek thee: Yes, there and there alone thou art found.

From the approving smiles of that internal judge which Heaven has planted in our breasts; from the sweet consciousness of performing our duty; from extending the hand of benevolence to the sons and daughters of affliction, and drying the tears of sorrow from the cheek of misery; from a firm reliance on the wisdom and goodness of Providence, and a patient submission to its decrees will be derived that calmness and serenity of soul which forms the highest point of human felicity. The mind which can look back with satisfaction, may look forward with hope, and if it realizes not that hope amid sublunar enjoyments, it will surely meet it in the regions of immortality, where unfading pleasure blooms.

#### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Mrs. Harrison,

The repeated instances of *suicide* in our city, induces me to present you with the following extract from a justly celebrated Poem, entitled "The Grave," hoping that the publication of it in a work which has an extensive circulation through the city, may be a means of shewing the living in what an awful situation that creature must be, who precipitates himself into the presence of his God with his hands seeking in his own blood.

Yours, &c.

I. U. P.

If death were nothing, and nought after death—  
If when men died at once they ceased to be,  
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
Whence first they sprang, then might the delirious  
Untrembling mouth the Heavens :  
Then might the drunkard  
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd  
Fill up another to the brim and laugh  
At the poor bug-bear death : Then might the wretch  
That's weary of the world and tird of life,  
At once give each inquietude the slip  
By stealing out of being when he pleasd.  
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel,  
Death thousand doors stand open. Who would force  
Thee to please a guest to sit out his full time,  
Or blame him if he goes. Sure he does well  
That helps himself as timely as he can.  
When able. But if there is an hereafter,  
And that there is conscience unflinched  
And suffered to speak out, tells every man;  
More horrid to die by one's own hand.

SELF MURDER ! name it not ; our City's shame,  
That makes her the reproach of neigb'ring states,  
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?  
Forbid it Heaven ! Let hot, upon disgust,  
The shamele a hand be fully crimson'd over  
With blood of its lord. Dreadful attempt !  
Just rocking from self slaughter, in a rage  
To rush into the presence of our Judge.  
As if we challenged him to do his worst,  
And mattered not his wrath. *Unheard of tortures*  
*Must be reserved for such* : these herd together;  
The common dam'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

Our time is fix'd and all our days are number'd :  
How long, how short, we know not. This we know,  
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons.  
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission ;  
Like cestries that must keep their destin'd stand  
And wait the appointed hour till they're reliev'd.  
These only are the brave that keep their ground  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick : to run away  
From this world's ills, that at the very worst

Will soon blow over, thinking to mend ourselves  
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark—Tis mad,  
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 19. 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 48 persons (of whom 17 were men, 14 women, 5 boys and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cancer 1, casualty 1, consumption 11, convulsions 2, debility 1, decay 1, dropsy 5, drowned 2, typhus fever 3, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, liver disease 2, old age 1, sore throat 1, still born 1, sudden death 1, worms 2, and 5 have been inhumanely murdered by the smallpox.

From the *Norristown (Pa.) Register.*

Mr. Wainard—I send you the following melancholy fact for publication:—On Wednesday last as James Stott of Limerick township was in the act of cutting straw to feed his horses, his son a youth of about 19 years of age, came behind him, and with a broad ax made a blow at his head, which laid him on the barn floor. He then severed the head from the body and ran off. In his flight he dropped a rope with which it is supposed he intended to hang himself, for when the pursuers found him he had mangled himself in a shocking manner, by cutting his throat with a dull knife. It is a singular circumstance, that the youth was always unwilling to be seen by strangers. If any one came to the house he would retire with the utmost precipitation, a little but he had crept on the banks of the Schuylkill. What is also remarkable is his affection for his father was very great, which makes the perpetration of this horrid deed the more unaccountable. Let every reader make his own comment.

Ma. 22

Yours, &c.

#### THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable cloths. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed hangings, Carpeting &c cleaned and dyed; Gentleman's clothes : cleaned wet or dry : and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

N. B. Family's residing on any part of the continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient.

December 6.

#### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office

#### Cards, Hand-sets, Books &c.

Executed at this Office at short notice, and on reasonable terms.

#### CISTERNS.

Made and put in the ground complete,—arranged tight, by

ALFORD & MEYER,

No. 15 Catharine st. near the Watch-house

#### BLICK RIVER LOTTERY

Will certainly commence drawing the 9th of June Tickets for sale at this office, at 7 dollars and a half and will shortly advance to 8 dollars—Also, Halves Quarters, and eighths.

#### F. L. B.

#### OF THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

For some years back,

Neatly bound—for sale at this office.

#### COURT OF MYM.

To feel a love which still the same,  
Can every change of scene sustain :  
Which still w<sup>th</sup> equal fervor glows,  
When ma ice arms a host of flies,  
As when in pleasures, lap secure,  
The soul indulges captures pure,  
Is Hymen's province here below,  
And this the love her votaries know.

#### MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Forrest, Mr. John McNeal to Miss Anna Smith, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Elijah Whipple to Miss Catharine Bartlett all of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Wm. Smith to Miss Mercy Freeman, both of this city.

In this city on Saturday evening last, Mr. Cornelius Harting to Miss Margaret Bird, both of Staten Island.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. John Jackson, captain George Briggs, to Miss Rebecca Fowler, both of West Chester.

At Staten Island on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Robert Clements to Miss Sarah Conyers, both of Bermuda, who both arrived late in the year, Enterprise, capt. Paton, from Bermuda, on the 3d instant.

#### WORLDS.

The meanest cottage or the costliest dome,  
Is but an upper chamber to the tomb.

#### DIED.

On Sunday evening last of a lingering illness, John De Peyster, Esq. aged 76 years.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Wright, wife of Mr. Grove Wright, in the 21st year of her age.

On Thursday morning, Mr. John Con, aged 33.

On Thursday evening Mr. Walter Taylor, son of Doctor Taylor.

On Sunday morning last, at Frogs Neck, West-Chester, at the house of Mr. George D. Cooper Mr. Charles Rivington, youngest son of the late Mr. James Rivington, aged 23 years.

#### ST. JOHN.

MRS. BEARNE returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers, who have hitherto honoured her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she has removed her academy to 201 Bowery lane, above Dr. C. C. & C. C. —having taken a convenient, neat and commodious house for that purpose, in pleasant health and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery and the various branches of Needle Work, Drawing and Painting, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the morals, manners and education of her pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of public patronage.

Mrs. Bearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young ladies to board and educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.

June 13.

#### JOHN C. TUCKER, LADIE'S SHOE-MAKER.

He informs his friends and the public, that he has opened shop in the above line at No. 129 Wall-street, where he has on hand a full assortment of shoes of every description. The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the southern and West Indies market. All orders will be executed with despatch.

#### BOARDING SCHOOL.

The Misses Schubers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they continue their School in Stamford, where they teach Reading, and Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work. Every attention will be paid to the morals and manners of the young ladies who are intrusted to their care.

Stamford, April 4.

940—2m.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

A woman, sauntering near a river's brink,  
From thought, or thoughtlessness, or drink,  
No matter which, fell in it—  
And, as the story goes,  
She ended quickly all her earthly woes,  
Was drown'd, to speak more plainly in a minute.

Soon as her spouse the tidings new,  
Swift as an arrow, to the spot he flew,  
The corpse to find, and the last duties pay;  
Friend, cried he, with tea-ful eyes,  
If you no where my poor Peggy lies,  
Tell me, I pray.

Seek down the stream, said one—Ah, no,  
Quoth he, I'd better upwards go—  
The wife on whom I doated,  
Was so obstante a jade,  
That by the mass, I'm much afraid,  
She 'gainst the stream has floated.

— : 0 : 0 : —

### MUTUAL LOVE.

WHEX on thy bosom I recline,  
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,  
To call thee mine for life;  
I glory in the sacred ties  
Which modern wits and fools despise,  
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss—  
The tender look, the melting kiss,  
E'en years have not destroyed;  
Some sweet sensation ever new  
Springs up, and foreshows the maxim true,  
That love can never be cloyed.

Have I a wish? 'tis all for thee—  
Hast thou a wish? 'tis all for me—  
So soft our moments move,  
That angels look with ardent gaze,  
Well please'd to see our happy days,  
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)  
Thy bosom is my softest home,  
I lull me there to rest.  
And is there aught disturbs my fair?  
I bid her sigh out all her care,  
And lose it in my breast.

— : 0 : —

### EPGRAM.

DEAR Cupid, I cried, do consult with your mother,  
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart—  
Kind Cupid obey'd, Venus too play'd her part,  
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with another.

### NOVELS, FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE:

Mrs. Opie's Tales 4 vol. Secret 4 vol. Cecilia 3 vol. Italian 2 vol. Beggars Girl 3 vol. Evelina 2 vol. Fleetwood 1 vol. Emilia 3 vol. Negro 2 vol. Don Raphael 2 vol. Clermont 2 vol. Theodore Cyphon, Abbess 3 vol. Spectator 8 vol. St. Leon 2 vol. Vicar of Lansdown, What has Been, Castle of Otranto, Lord Rivers, Orkendale Abbey, Beggar Boy, Gonsalvo the Spanish Knight, Kigid Father, Old English Baron, She lives in Hopes, English Nun, Rosessau's Italian Nun, Royal Captives, Delaval, Zaida, Man of Feeling, D'Isralil's Romances, Nature and Art, Prince of Britany, Charlotte's Letters, Haunted Cavern, Emilia de Vermont, Osmund, Arabian Nights, Tale of the Times, Ortenberg Family, &c. &c. Also, a few copies of the Father and Daughter, and Carl's Northern Summer.

### NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

J. Greenwood, Dentist to the late President,  
George Washington.

Inform the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums. Except extracting them unless it is necessary to do it for the purpose of replacing others.

J. Greenwood fixes in both natural and artificial Teeth, from a single one to a complete set. The approbation which the late illustrious Washington was pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself, is a sufficient recommendation of his abilities as a Dentist

Extract from General Washington's letter.

January 6, 1799.

"I always prefer your services to that of any others in the line of your present profession"

N. B. His prices are very moderate, and no person as yet has exceeded him in facility and neatness of performance.

Any person who has the least inclination of being benefited by having their teeth preserved, or to have them replaced by artificial ones, and are deterred from it by bad advice or temerity, will do well by calling on J. Greenwood, and receive advice gratis, with every necessary explanation concerning the line of his profession, at his house No. 14 Vesey-Street, directly opposite the side of St. Pauls church.

May 16.

### PETER STUYVERSANT, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours. Kid Sandals, Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the be-spoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch.

May 23.

### MILLENAKY.

Mrs. Sarah Miller, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general that she has removed to No. 148 William-street, opposite the North-Church, where she has opened a large assortment of Fancy Millenary, consisting of Leghorn, Split-straw, and Willow Hats and Bonnets, Artificial and Straw Flowers and Wreaths, and an elegant assortment of Ribbons—together with a variety of Dry Goods, elegant Lace Veils and Cloaks, which she will dispose of at very reduced prices for cash only.

May 23.

Just received per ship Allegany, from Calcutta, and for sale by Mrs. Todd, No. 92 Liberty-street, an elegant assortment of fine worked pieces of

India Mullins, Gown patterns complete Cloaks, Veils, Habit Shirts

Striped and checked Doorcahs

Remarkably fine plain Dacca and Nayansook Muslin Striped and checked Seersuckers, new handsome Boglepores of different kinds

Handsome Kid Shoes and Slippers, and various other articles.

May 23.

### NOTICE.

Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No. 84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard

May 23 953—3m.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By J. Osborn, at his Circulating Library and

Book-Store, No. 13 Park, Price 75 cents,

A satirical Poem, entitled,

FASHION'S ANALYSIS,

OR,

A WINTER IN TOWN,

BY SIR ANTHONY AVALANCHE,

With Notes, illustrations, &c.

By Gregory Glacier, Gent

Argument to part 1st.

Invocation—sentiment at a ball—sound logic—a fop—a woman that would be fashionable—fashionable woman—a family picture—dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter—Brag at full length—a modern tea party, a squeez, fashionable topics, the student in distress, real wit, sham wit, cards; gallery portraits, an enquiry after woman as she should be, conclusion

May 23

953 tf

### TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFERMER  
FROM LONDON,  
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE  
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from cutting, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness, clears and prevents the skin from chopping. 4s per pot

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s. bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glazing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama turns, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted

Hispurified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s. & 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box

Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

\*\* The best warranted Concave Razors, Black Razors, Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs. Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration which is not the case with Imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again  
January 3, 1807

### SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,

Split straw do do.

Paper do do.

Wire assorted sizes,

Artificial and straw Flowers,

do do. Wreaths,

Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,

Paste boards,

Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,

Sarsnets, white and pink,

Open work, straw trimming and tassels.

With every article in the Millenary line by Wholesale only.

November

926—ff

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISON,

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.